

EUGENE CITY GUARD.

L. L. CAMPBELL, Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

SWEET JASMINE.

How This Fragrant Flower Became the Symbol of Marriage.

Long before orange blossoms became associated with weddings the fragrant jasmine was commonly used for the decoration of a bride. A very pretty legend of ancient Tuscany tells how this little blossom became the symbol of love. A traveler, returning from the warm countries of Asia, brought home with him a rare tropical plant—the jasmine—which was unknown in Tuscany. He gave a small slip to a certain duke, who set it among his most treasured plants, where it rooted and thrived under the care of the gardener and soon grew to be a good sized plant. The duke was so proud of his rare possession that he gave strict orders to his gardener to guard the plant carefully and on no account to give even a slip—not a flower—to any person.

The gardener was a good young man, and he would have been faithful to his charge had he not happened to fall in love with the sweetest peasant maid in all Tuscany. The maid was poor and her lover was not much richer, so they were unable to marry. On the birthday of the peasant the gardener, having nothing else to give the maid of his choice, presented her with a bouquet of flowers, and among the other clippings in the bunch there was one from the duke's cherished jasmine bush. Nothing could be too good for the gardener's maiden, so in this one instance he relaxed his care of the shrub. The girl, admiring the fresh buds of the sprig, wished to preserve it, and so placed it in the ground, where it rooted and remained fresh and green all winter, thus symbolizing her love for the gardener, and in the following spring it grew and was covered with blossoms. The little bush flourished and the flowers multiplied so under the maiden's care that she was able to sell many of the sprigs for a considerable sum, thus spreading the unknown flower abroad; and in a short time, with a spray of the precious love token on her breast she was wedded to the happy gardener.

To this day the Tuscan girls preserve the remembrance of the gardener's gift to his sweetheart by wearing a nosegay of sweet jasmine on their wedding day, and they have a proverb which says a young girl wearing such a sprig is rich enough to make the fortune of a poor husband.—Philadelphia Press.

Cardinal Mezzofanti's Memory.

Cardinal Mezzofanti had a memory little short of miraculous. Dr. Russell, his biographer, says that the cardinal spoke with the greatest ease 30 languages; that he spoke occasionally, but not with any fluency, 11 more; that he spoke imperfectly 8, and that he could read 11 more. Taking in addition the number of dialects he used, some so diverse from the mother tongue as to constitute a different language, Dr. Russell says that the cardinal was master of no less than 111 different languages and dialects.

His German was so excellent that he was taken for a native of Germany, while his French and English were equally pure. Dr. Tholuck heard him converse in German, Arabic, Spanish, Flemish, English, Latin, Greek, Swedish and Portuguese, at one of the pope's receptions, and afterward Mezzofanti gave him a poem in Persian and left him to take a lesson in Cornish. He knew several of the American Indian languages and nearly all the dialects of India.

An Imperfect Gold Coin.

Superintendent Beach of the street cleaning department some time since found a \$5 gold coin on a curbstone, and it proved to be a curiosity, worth as much as two ordinary \$5 pieces, on account of its having been "miss struck"—that is, it had not been placed squarely in the die, and the milling on one side was some distance from the edge, while on the other side there was none. On mentioning the fact to an employee in the San Francisco mint, he was told that the coin was counterfeit, and that it was practically impossible that a coin so disfigured could have been issued from any government mint. When the coin was produced, the mint employee, after putting it to all sorts of tests, had to admit that it was a genuine coin, struck at the Philadelphia mint, where every coin passes through the hands of four persons who examine it for defects, and he said he would not have believed it possible for such a coin to escape them had he not seen it.—Portland Oregonian.

Declining Our Pronouns.

In a collection of the possessions of the late Robert Louis Stevenson there is a letter showing the difficulties which even such a master of English as he experienced in writing our language. "When I invent a language," he writes, "there shall be a direct and indirect pronoun differently declined, and then writing will be some fun." This idea he illustrates as follows:

Direct—He, him, his.
Indirect—Tu, tum, tus.
He adds in exemplification, "He seized tum by tus throat, but tu at the same moment caught him by his hair."
A fellow would write hurricanes with an infection like this.—Boston Herald.

Sir Henry Ponsoby.

The London Globe tells a story illustrating the happy way in which the late Sir Henry Ponsoby parried indiscreet questions. "Is it true," asked a German journalist, who was being shown over the Indian room at Osborne, "that Princess — is to be married to Prince —?" "Sir Henry eyed the correspondent curiously, and with a quiet smile replied, "I have not seen the engagement announced." "But," urged the Teuton, "I have heard it on excellent authority." "In that case," replied Sir Henry, with crushing civility, "you have no need of further information on the subject."

SWALLOWS CHARGE A SHIP.

Hundreds of Thousands of the Birds Literally Overwhelm the Vessel.

It is often said that one swallow does not make a summer. It can also be truthfully asserted that one swallow cannot cause a shipwreck, but what a multitude of swallows may do in this line is another thing. These birds came near being responsible for running a steamer on the rocks of the Spanish coast near Malaga. A Russian steamer, hailing from Odessa, has for some time been engaged in the Mediterranean trade, principally carrying passengers from Leghorn and Malaga. On one of the recent trips it encountered an adventure which will never be forgotten by either the crew or the passengers. The passage had been a stormy one, but the day of the occurrence was unusually fine. Though a rather heavy sea was running most of the passengers were on deck. Suddenly the lookout called: "Hurricane cloud toward!" At once there was great consternation aboard, and a number of people sought safety below. The captain, however, after glancing at the barometer, gave it as his opinion that it was no hurricane cloud. The black mass that they saw hovering near the horizon was, he thought, a particularly dense volume of smoke from some steamer. But the solution of the mystery came much sooner than they had expected. The threatening mass grew larger and larger, and soon was seen to bear down in the direction of the vessel with terrific speed. Everybody, both crew and passengers, became frightened at the mysterious cloud, which seemed to move with great rapidity notwithstanding that a perfect calm prevailed. Then came the solution. The vast cloud that they had seen was composed of swallows. The fore-runners, a small detachment of some 10,000, swooped down on the deck, to the bewilderment of the people on board. These were soon followed by thousands by hundreds of thousands. The birds literally overwhelmed the vessel. The man at the wheel lost his bearings, and the widest disorder prevailed. The birds poured into every available opening, hatchways, windows, and everywhere else. They got tangled in the ropes and sails, and clustered about the rigging. Even the smokestack was so filled up at one time that the fires were nearly extinguished. The most amazing part of the whole thing was that the birds did not evince any disposition to leave. To heighten the confusion the steamer had got out of its course and ran ashore. However, on account of going very slow no material damage was done, though the passengers were badly frightened. When the crew had recovered from their amazement they began to clear the deck and the vessel in general of these unexpected and not at all welcome guests. The captain ordered the men to use shovels and whatever they could to throw the birds overboard. After getting fairly in shape the vessel proceeded on its voyage, having been delayed for nearly eight hours on account of this singular experience. The captain could not offer any theory as to where this vast army of swallows came from. All he said was that the birds evidently were exhausted from a prolonged flight during the storm of the previous day, and sought rest on his vessel.

KIT CARSON'S SON.

He Lives Like a Hermit in the Wildest Part of the Sierras.

In the wildest part of the Sierras, where the ridge takes a dip into the Pacific Ocean at Santa Monica Bay, Cal., lives Samuel Carson, the son of the famous Kit Carson, scout, soldier, and pioneer. For twenty years the old man has been buried out of sight and out of mind in this more than hermit's retreat. He has few acquaintances and no friends, save the dozen or more dogs— setters, pointers, spaniels and Newfoundland—that lie around his shack and stable, or feed from his hand on the meat he has killed with his gun. Like many sons of great, original men, Sam Carson in no fashion or form inherits his father's propensities, except in his inalienable love for nature in her wildest expressions.

Tall and thin, but rugged as the little peaks that leap into the sky around him, he is as picturesque and full of color as any hunter drawn by Cooper or Reid. He never knew a day's illness and never will. His taking off will come some night when he lies down to sleep in the mountain's heart and slumbers forever. Out of the hunting season the old man works a wee bit of a ranch in the canon and sells the product in Santa Monica. But he despises this one link



OLD "KIT" CARSON'S SON SAM.

Ancestors.

Abraham Hayward, the famous Quarterly reviewer, once thought that he would like to have some ancestors, so he walked straight to a picture dealer's. Selecting a portrait of a cavalier in half armor, with features not quite unlike his own, Mr. Hayward made a bid for it, but deeming the price asked too high, he went his way. A few days later Mr. Hayward went to dine with Lord Houghton, and was astonished to find the picture in the dining room. Seeing that it attracted his guest's attention, Lord Houghton said: "Very good picture that! Came into my hands in a curious way. Portrait of a Milnes of the commonwealth period—an ancestor of mine." "Ah, indeed!" said Mr. Hayward. "He was very near being an ancestor of mine."

LOVE AT NINE.

What though old Boreas roars without
And tears about us wildly,
My sweetheart's smiling close to me
And says she loves me truly,
What care I now for other's smiles
Or frowns, however plenty?
She loves me, though she's only nine,
And I am nine and twenty.

None know my joy as I sit there,
Her arms around me twining,
For so called love for other's minds
No more will I be pining,
One can accept without a doubt
The love that now is mine,
For love can never truly be
Or pure, than at nine.

Dear little sweetheart, may I never
Betray the love I cherish,
May no unwhispered act of mine
Cause it to fade or perish,
No compliment as sweet as this,
Though friendship may be plenty
Where one is truly loved by nine,
And he is nine and twenty.

—Rochester Post-Express.

A COQUETTE'S STORY.

She was still young, and there was a suggestion of coquetry about her eyes and mouth when she smiled in the fiffal way that I had noticed in the short time I had known her. There was an intimation that she had once been brighter of disposition, although there was a sweetness and gentleness in her manner now that seemed to amply compensate for the listless, faraway air that was ever about her. After a few months of acquaintance that had brought me to the belief that this creature was one of the rarest of God's creations, I learned, by the merest chance, that the girl had a story—that her disposition had not always been the ideal one that had so completely captivated me. Once or twice I hinted, in the gentlest way possible, that the story should be told to me, but the great, brown eyes of the girl filled with tears, and I at once thought of something else to talk about. Two or three months afterward, in the midst of a conversation, the young woman suddenly left the channel of our talk and said:

"You never heard, did you, that I was once known as 'the village coquette'?"

"Was that your story?" I laughed.

"There is nothing funny about it," the girl returned seriously. "It hasn't been so very long ago—about two years, I think—that I—I changed. I was prettier then than I am now, and in my youthful folly I thought that it was my duty to play with the affections of all the good fellows who were nice enough to think that they liked me."

"Early in my teens the boy of all the many of my acquaintance who was most devoted to me was young Owen Rand. He was a shy chap who did not boldly declare for me as others did, but in his quiet way he was over at my beck and call and ever ready to do any little service that my caprice might suggest. He knew the flowers I liked best, he knew the candies that I thought the most toothsome, and no wet day did I fail to find my forgotten rubber coverings waiting for me when school was over. Somehow I thought only well of this fellow. He never seemed to me as a sweetheart, and once when he refused to take part in a game that every one was playing I reproved him just as I would a brother. It did not occur to me then; now I know that what I said pleased him. It indicated that I had an interest in him; that I thought of him as one whom I might command and reprove as my fancy indicated. I suppose that all girls are alike in this particular—they never love the brotherly boys any more than boys love the sisterly girls. Owen continued his unvarying kindness throughout our school days. When we were graduated, my biggest bouquet came from him. I was disappointed because he did not come down with the rest to say that he was glad or to make some other pretty speech of congratulation, but the other boys did this without flowers, and they made merry at our house and ate all the good things until there was neither time nor victuals left. I forgot all about my devoted Owen in the hilarity of that evening, and when one of the bold, handsome young fellows of the crowd asked me to go to a concert with him the next evening I forgot that there might be another who would expect the favor of my company, and the engagement was made. Owen came to see me the next day, with more flowers, and when there were no more good things to eat, and he murmured his gentle congratulations with such earnestness that I almost loved him as we sat there together alone. He was disappointed when I told him that I could not go to the concert with him, but he did not express bitterness or denounce any one.

"Some other time then," he said in a way that made me think that he did not care enough about it, but since then I have thought that it was only his way. I won't weary you with the details of how, month in and month out, he was unflinchingly devoted; how he did not join with the others in their rapid compliments and ostentatious attentions; how at length he came to me and said goodby when he went out to Honolulu on a venture that he thought would yield a fortune.

"Let me hope," he said as I indifferently extended my hand, "let me hope that when I come back you will still be here and still as free as you are now."

"For a moment I was silent, and then with a half sippant air I said, 'You may hope.' After he was gone I felt rather sorry for my conduct in sending him away, but when his letters began to come I saw that I had been forgiven. It was not long before the regular correspondence became wearing to me. There was too much of the element of business in it on his side, while I, here at home, with all my friends and with familiar associations, was making the best of youth. So I stopped writing, and, after a time of patient, one sided correspondence, he stopped too.

"Months after I had received my last letter from poor Owen's new home out there in the heart of the Pacific I had a note from his sister. Owen had come back, and he was ill. Would I come to see him? I felt, for the first time in the long boy and girl acquaintance, a genuine interest. Of course I would go. It would seem so good to see his real, honest smile again; to feel the pressure of his great, warm, unaffected hand, and to hear his unstrutted, earnest compliments. I was sorry about stopping the letters, and to make amends—there was no other reason. I thought—I would take extra pains with my toilet. When I got to Owen's house, I found the place closed and quiet, with the air of a serious illness about. There was a

trained nurse who moved noiselessly and kept every one else on tiptoe. Then I learned for the first time that the poor fellow had been brought home to die! I will never tell you in the simple language at my command what I felt, how I felt, as the truth came over my dazed senses. I tried to feel indifferent and to express commonplace condolence, but my words choked in my throat and my eyes gazed stony at the wall ahead of me.

"Before I knew it I had been conducted into the sickroom. His eyes welled up for the voice that could not be raised, and a feeble motion of the fingers directed me to a chair that was quite close to the bed. For a long time I sat there silent. I could think of nothing to say, and his weakness kept back any words of reproach or forgiveness that he might have wished to utter. I took the sick man's hand. It was thin and cold—so cold that I sickened as I touched it. Thus I sat, looking back the wretched gaze that came to me from the depths of a soul that was already half in the beyond. After a time Owen opened his lips as if to speak. The nurse hastened to him and put her ear close to the drawn, white face. Then she smiled and nodded.

"He would like for you to kiss him once," the nurse whispered to me.

"The simple, startling request cut into my very life and gave a strange relief. The first time Owen had ever asked me for a kiss!"

"On the forehead," the nurse whispered as a caution to me. I pressed the hand that I held and leaned over the white pillow and his pallid patient. As my face came close to his a faint smile of the old kind came to the withered lips, and a trace of color mounted and blended with the cruel rainbows of death that encircled the eyes. It seemed that he was happy. As I came closer the smile grew radiant, and the color deepened, while the great, honest eyes slowly closed. I placed my lips to his brow, and over each of his lowered lids I pressed a kiss. When I raised my head, I was happier. I looked at Owen. The smile was still there, and the color had faded a bit. Involuntarily I pressed my hand to my mouth. My lips were damp. The nurse crossed gently to the bed and folded the thin, drawn arms over the breast.

English Captain in Chinese Service.

In engaging the services of a competent British officer to organize its navy the Chinese government—i. e., Li Hung Chang—was obliged to resort to duplicity in order to effect a semblance of reconciliation between the naval service and the mandarin system. After the experience gained in his first term of service in China Captain Lang declined to re-enter it without adequate substantive rank. Whether this stipulation was made by the British board of admiralty before giving him leave to serve or was imposed by Captain Lang himself is immaterial. What the victory had to do with to contrive a form of words which would satisfy the condition without disturbing the Chinese official arrangements.

Captain Lang was given the title of admiral with Ting, while all authority was secretly withheld from him. So long as Admiral Ting was present Captain Lang did not discover his true position. His advice was followed; he was on the most cordial terms with his admiral, and there was nothing to show he was not, de facto, commander in chief. As soon, however, as an accident caused the two to be separated the situation was revealed. Lang's order to hoist the admiral's flag was disobeyed, and Commodore Liu assumed command of the fleet. An appeal by telegram to Viceroy Li only brought stronger confirmation of the fact that Lang's Chinese rank was never intended to be other than a sham.—Blackwood's Magazine.

A Novel Music Lesson.

A Highlander, having to teach a chum in his regiment to play the bagpipes, began to instruct him in reading the music in the following way:

"You see that chap with a white, round, open face?" pointing to a semibreve between the lines. "Well, he moves slowly from this line to this, while you beat one and take a long blow. Now, if you put a leg on him you make two of him, and he moves twice as fast. If you black his face, he runs four times as fast as the white faced one. Then, if you bend his knees or tie his legs, he will hop four times faster than the white faced one."

"Now, when you blow the pipes, remember that the tighter these chaps' legs are tied the faster they run, and the quicker they are sure to dance."—Glasgow Herald.

Decline of the Folding Bed.

The folding bed, once an immensely popular institution, is losing its grip. Not one is called for now, were two or three years ago a dozen were ordered. Two big factories we know of, which a very few years ago had difficulty in keeping up with orders for folding beds even by working night and day, are now making other lines of furniture, and the folding bed production in all factories is steadily declining. The accidents which frequently occurred with the folding bed doubtless had some bad influence on its popularity, but this was not the only disadvantage the multum in parva furniture had to contend against. The beds were heavy, clumsy affairs, even under the most favorable conditions. Many are hard to handle without a derrick or a yoke of oxen, and they are also hard to keep clean. And there is an increased call for beds of brass and iron. Such beds are practically the only kind sold in England, and they have steadily increased in popularity in this country during the last five years.—Upholsterer.

In the Lawyer's Office.

"I confess I was startled," said a man from another city. "I wanted to ask a little legal advice, and I stepped into the first law office I came to in a building I had been told was full of good lawyers. A pleasant looking woman, wearing a shirt waist, was writing at a desk. I was about to ask if her assistant was in, when she rose, bowed gravely, put on her coat, and then said, with professional seriousness, 'Do you wish to consult me?' I was so rattled I stammered out something about having made a mistake and backed out of the room. Yet my own sister has just taken an A. M., too," he added pensively.—Boston Transcript.

GOWNS AND GOWNING

WOMEN GIVE MUCH ATTENTION TO WHAT THEY WEAR.

Brief Glances at Fancies Feminine, Frivolous, Mayhap, and Yet Offered in the Hope that the Reading Prose Restful to Wearied Woman-kind.

Gossip from Gay Gotham.

New York correspondence.

VEN now there is danger in the wild rush that women are making with coats that the wearers will tire of them before they have really had the run that they deserve. All sorts of pretty effects are being secured from little jacket affairs made with jaunty tails in the back and with short

stone buttons near the shoulders, and are edged with narrow velvet ruffles. The rest, including the stock collar, of ivory white, Louis XVI. silk, figured by a European nation, instilled a general tariff war against the offending nation, barring out its goods.

For example, all Latin American countries are being asked to cease importing from their land till she abandons her domain; Venezuela territory. All Latin American countries are to be asked to complete the Nicaragua canal, so prevent other countries from any ground for intervening in Central America on any pretext.

The time has come, in the opinion of the organizers of this movement, Latin America to present a united powerful front against the world. The designs of Europe, and especially of England, in this hemisphere, say, are suspicious, and should the United States be crippled by war, Central America would be dependent on the European nations, and therefore necessary, they declare, Latin America not to depend on the former of the Monroe doctrine in United States, which in time of war may be unable to compel obedience.

A propaedeutic of this idea is made throughout South and Central America, and an effort is being made in Mexico to awaken popular interest in it. There is no intention of bringing about a union with Spain, under the old Iberian plan, for Spain is now regarded as the oppressor of Cuban people, who will be asked to join this league in case they secure independence.

It is purely a Latin-American movement, and looks to the forming of a permanent confederation, each country dependent in local affairs, but connected with the others in any deal with hostile countries on the other side of the Atlantic.—New York Herald.

Japan Suggested as Arbitrator between the United States and England.

Henry Labouchere, England's Radical, suggests that Japan was the fairest arbitrator Great Britain and the United States could select for the Venezuela dispute. There is a great deal of truth in this proposition. Japan might do almost as well, only she is a serious question whether she would ever hear of Venezuela.

Chang ever heard of Venezuela? Japan would take too long to learn the American geography to be a suitable majesty of the Flower Kingdom. Japan is a civilized power, not yet so unorthodox to England to be a suitable majesty of the question to be settled.

Great Britain and the United States are the two greatest Christian powers. Japan is a Buddhist power, having its own form of Buddhism, to be sure, but the mikado is its spiritual and temporal head. Great Britain and the United States are both practically public States. Japan is an absolute monarch.

Thus we should have the spectacle of two Christian, self-governing nations appealing to a Buddhist despot to help them keep the peace, offer a righteous solution of a vexatious problem and to prevent about 100,000,000 good Christians from cutting another's throats. This would be a unique event in the history of nations.—New York Recorder.

CALIFORNIA'S CARNIVAL.

Her Ice Palace is Built, and the Success.

California's ice palace is an accomplished fact, and her ice carnival just been opened, and she is receiving some of the laurels hitherto monopolized by Canada. It is a striking illustration of the wide range of climate of the state and the varied attractions it offers that while an ice carnival is being swung in one part the orange crop will be harvested in another part.

The ice carnival is being held at Truckee. The ice palace is built of lumber and wire netting, veneered with coating of ice. Water is sprayed over the structure every day and freezes during the night. A week ago the ice covering was two inches thick.

The skating rinks are in good condition, there is good sleighing already and a big toboggan slide is building. It will be California's first ice carnival and attracting much attention all over the state and in neighboring states.

Cows Profitable at 5 to 8 Years of Age.

It seems evident that the maximum annual product and the greatest profit obtained from a cow will, as a rule, come at from five to eight years, and that young animals give richer milk than older ones. How long to keep a cow is another question. Keep her as long as she pays for her board, and some more, says Professor Wall of Hoard's Dairyman.

Trimming Grapevines.

For trimming grape vines in the winter, they may be cut rapidly and with very little splitting, by using a large, very sharp knife in quick blows, cutting off the vines at all. Several portions will fall as neatly as if cut off slowly by the best pruning shears.

Be a Good Farmer.

The only way to be as good a farmer as your father is to try and be a better one than he was. A good farmer forty years ago would be a back number in these progressive days.

being from black satin and the bodice fronts the same. The latter are cut away at the armholes so that they form narrow tabs fastened with rhine-



LAWLESS BUT PERMISSIBLE SKIRT TRIMMING.

stone buttons near the shoulders, and are edged with narrow velvet ruffles. The rest, including the stock collar, of ivory white, Louis XVI. silk, figured by a European nation, instilled a general tariff war against the offending nation, barring out its goods.

The up and down trimming seems to prevail in skirts, stimulation of the under petticoat being made by the ornamenting of the skirt down the front. The only round and round trimming used is in flouncing with rich lace, or in bands or panels at the hem. But this law is quite as lenient, as that for buttons, and the trimming may follow any odd design so long as there is not too much of it. In the next sketch the beaded passementerie neither suggests peacock or overskirt, but a pattern peculiarly its own. A light weight, brown striped vesture goods is the fabric here. Its loose waist fastens at the side and has a draped front arranged in pleats at the left side near the belt and at the opposite shoulders, passementerie ornaments holding them in place. The sleeves are in a slight modification of the 1830 model, and are trimmed with braid at wrists and shoulders where a double brown satin putting marks the seam. The belt is of brown velvet with passementerie finish.

A method that with many modifications is frequently employed to relieve the severity of an absolutely plain skirt is next pictured. It here consists of adding to a skirt of green cloth a tablier of black moire. This bodice is of green cloth, fastens diagonally and is ornamented with velvet straps and



WIDELY FLARING AT TOP AND BOTTOM.

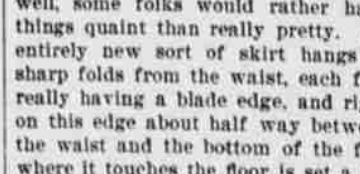
revers, the white satin being also employed for the folded stock collar. Deep lace ruffles, headed by a white chiffon puffing, finish the sleeves.

To set off a coat properly, six buttons suffice, two on either side of the front of the coat, and the already mentioned sword belt pair, but of course, if you have a bigger set you need not be shy about disposing them liberally. In general, however, buttons do not appear without some pretense that they fasten something, but don't really need to be, as, for instance, the innumerable tabs and things that depend from the collar or from the belt. But when you're no belt and no tabs radiating from the collar you may think like Rip Van Winkle that this thing doesn't count and put 'em on without any pretense that they fasten anything. An example of just this sort of use appears in the next picture, where a baker's dozen cut steel fasteners fasten nothing. They are put upon a deep yoke of golden velvet, whose points reach to the waist in back and front. The adjoining cloth parts (cloth of the same shade as the velvet) are edged with black silk braid that forms ornaments on the front of the skirt. The melon sleeves are of cloth, with braided seams, and the wide skirt is stiffened.

It will be noticed that these sleeves are only moderately full, and that is all right, for sleeves may be smaller, but that does not mean that they must be smaller, or that you are advised to make them smaller, or that they are likely to be imperatively smaller for a long while yet. It only means that if you are a little short on mate-

rial you may cut the sleeves a little and still be all right, or you may with safety plan a dress the sleeves of which are not of the stick-out-straight-from-the-shoulder-line kind chiefly in vogue. Among such possible sleeves is one made quite tight over the shoulder and without fullness on the arm. A series of ruffles set one above the other embellish the sleeve from the elbow to just below the shoulder. This particular sort is rather queer, but if you act as if you meant it that way, it's all right. Quite as fashionably correct is the sort that appears in the next sketch, which makes a woman across the back. It's an odd sight to see a woman wearing such sleeves in a small theater box, but not an uncommon one. This dress is a particularly handsome one, its skirt

is a particularly handsome one, its skirt



SLAVES BY WHICH WOMEN WIDEN.

is a particularly handsome one, its skirt

is a particularly handsome one, its skirt

is a particularly handsome one, its skirt

is a particularly handsome one, its skirt

is a particularly handsome one, its skirt

is a particularly handsome one, its skirt

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UNITING FOR SAFETY

NEW MOVEMENT FOR A LATIN AMERICAN UNION.

For the Purpose of Opposing European Aggression—Congress Formed to Act as Arbitrator in Pacific and Foreign Disputes.

A movement of great significance looking to the unification of all Latin-American nations, has been formed in Salvador. It is started by a group, which has taken the name of Parliamentary party, having for its object the substitution of a central American of the reign of parliamentary bodies for the rule of despotic presidents.

But this movement has a still higher aim, which is to bring about the formation of a Latin-American confederation with delegates from Mexico and Central and South America, which shall be invoked whenever matters of common interest are uppermost in the mind. This congress on its first meeting shall choose a diet which shall be permanent and shall act as an arbiter between all Latin-American nations having questions at issue among themselves. The diet shall, whenever Latin-American country is threatened by a European nation, institute a general tariff war against the offending nation, barring out its goods.

For example, all Latin American countries are being asked to cease importing from their land till she abandons her domain; Venezuela territory. All Latin American countries are to be asked to complete the Nicaragua canal, so prevent other countries from any ground for intervening in Central America on any pretext.

The time has come, in the opinion of the organizers of this movement, Latin America to present a united powerful front against the world. The designs of Europe, and especially of England, in this hemisphere, say, are suspicious, and should the United States be crippled by war, Central America would be dependent on the European nations, and therefore necessary, they declare, Latin America not to depend on the former of the Monroe doctrine in United States, which in time of war may be unable to compel obedience.

A propaedeutic of this idea is made throughout South and Central America, and an effort is being made in Mexico to awaken popular interest in it. There is no intention of bringing about a union with Spain, under the old Iberian plan, for Spain is now regarded as the oppressor of Cuban people, who will be asked to join this league in case they secure independence.

It is purely a Latin-American movement, and looks to the forming of a permanent confederation, each country dependent in local affairs, but connected with the others in any deal with hostile countries on the other side of the Atlantic.—New York Herald.

Japan Suggested as Arbitrator between the United States and England.

Henry Labouchere, England's Radical, suggests that Japan was the fairest arbitrator Great Britain and the United States could select for the Venezuela dispute. There is a great deal of truth in this proposition. Japan might do almost as well, only she is a serious question whether she would ever hear of Venezuela.

Chang ever heard of Venezuela? Japan would take too long to learn the American geography to be a suitable majesty of the Flower Kingdom. Japan is a civilized power, not yet so unorthodox to England to be a suitable majesty of the question to be settled.

Great Britain and the United States are the two greatest Christian powers. Japan is a Buddhist power, having its own form of Buddhism, to be sure, but the mikado is its spiritual and temporal head. Great Britain and the United States are both practically public States. Japan is an absolute monarch.

Thus we should have the spectacle of two Christian, self-governing nations appealing to a Buddhist despot to help them keep the peace, offer a righteous solution of a vexatious problem and to prevent about 100,000,000 good Christians from cutting another's throats. This would be a unique event in the history of nations.—New York Recorder.

CALIFORNIA'S CARNIVAL.

Her Ice Palace is Built, and the Success.

California's ice palace is an accomplished fact, and her ice carnival just been opened, and she is receiving some of the laurels hitherto monopolized by Canada. It is a striking illustration of the wide range of climate of the state and the varied attractions it offers that while an ice carnival is being swung in one part the orange crop will be harvested in another part.

The ice carnival is being held at Truckee. The ice palace is built of lumber and wire netting, veneered with coating of ice. Water is sprayed over the structure every day and freezes during the night.